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shrines—appropriate pictographs on walls or stone. The ashes of deer droppings, sprinkled at specified times and places, made success more certain.

Physical punishment was seldom inflicted on a child. In all my experience I never saw an Indian parent strike a child. A whipped child loses courage, they said, and his soul withers and dwindles away until he dies, for the soul of a child is a tender thing and easily hurt.

However, the case of old Captain Burro was utterly at variance with this gentle philosophy. He seldom appeared at the school, spending his time among the villagers, where, as a rule, he was ignored or subjected to rude jesting. When a small boy he may have been an incorrigible thief or liar or he may have defied tribal superstitions or taboos for he had been subjected to the *jelka* punishment, and the ignominy of it went with him through life. One can well believe that this savage punishment would shrivel a child's soul, for the excrement of animals was used to make a smudge, over which the boy's head was held until he was limp from suffocation. It was not the physical torture that marked his soul, but the revolting form in which it was administered, accompanied by taunts and jeers. This he could not live down, nor could he escape the brand of liar and thief it put upon him. The bitter ridicule of men who loved nothing so well as a jest at another's expense would follow him until death.

His "withered soul" reminded me of Lily's crippled hand, and the Walapai's ridicule. The Indians had not learned to tolerate with sympathy those who did not conform to the established pattern, socially or physically.

Most beautiful of all, to me, was the instruction to children regarding the care of the aged. "When your grandparents are old and blind, lead them gently where they want to go. Break off chunks of the good corn bread baked in the ashes, and put them into their mouths. If they have no teeth, feed them the warm corn mush." I never saw any evidence that the old and helpless were neglected or turned out to die, as was so often

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tight so no heat might escape. But for some reason, the Indians no longer built those permanent, mud-covered structures; blanket-covered lodges such as this had replaced them.

In fifteen or twenty minutes the two men had completed the ceremony and emerged, carrying Jasper between them. They plunged him into the stream, laid him on a blanket which his mother had spread on the sand, and wrapped the blanket over him. All this time he had seemed unconscious, his eyes closed. But soon a warm glow suffused his skin, and the watching men and women stirred, murmuring happily; the boy was on the road to recovery. The healing ceremony of Those of Old had again done its work. A short time later Jasper was back in my classroom, a golden, red-cheeked boy, brimming with health.

While Jasper lay resting after his bath, Manakadja had gone to his older wife's house and returned with four hard ears of corn, presenting them to me as a token of his appreciation for my help in caring for his son. He was paying for what he had received, but there was more to it than that. Corn in the hand had the feel of warmth; it had life; and one could dicker for a long time in a trade by slowly adding grains to the buying price.

I could not use the corn, but in working with a people who were quick to anger and who punished with death, I stood in need of the things it denoted—the friendship and confidence of the tribe's head chief.

Jasper had recovered—without the magic cures of a medicine man. But why had the shamans, especially A'mal, whose reputation was unblemished, evaded the request of their head chief to hold a sing over his son? Navaho's influence, I learned, was still at work, although the former big chief had been dead for three years.

Indeed, not long after this, the Indians began talking more freely about Navaho's cruelty. One old man told me he had helped Navaho take a discredited medicine man up on a cliff, cut out his heart and toss his body over the precipice for the birds and the beasts to devour. He did not say what they did with the heart, but

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it must have been something significant, for the heart was the seat of the emotions, the symbol of life. The story was so startlingly akin to Old Testament accounts that it helped me to realize how many years of progress these people must in some miraculous way achieve before they could take their place in twentieth-century civilization.

Another medicine man fell by Navaho's hand, accused of sending his shaministic spirit to make the people sick while posing as their healer. And the people, believing their chief was protecting them from evil, applauded.

Navaho was their Solomon. While I was with them they were still speaking with warm approval of the justice meted out to the young Apache man who escaped and sought sanctuary with the Havasupai while his tribe was being taken to San Carlos by government officials. Navaho heard the man's plea, then told him that by deserting he might cause his people to endure additional hardship at the hands of the white man. Therefore, he must return to his tribe. When the man replied that he would never return, Navaho, without speaking a word, struck the Apache dead. This was the type of justice the Havasupai understood. A tribesman did not seek safety at the expense of his own people.

Navaho was "Master of the House" to the Havasupai. He ruled with an iron will, but more justly—according to their sense of justice—than the people had ever been ruled before. He enforced the old customs and traditions: obedience to their gods, the *tobolwa*, full granaries, the dance, the hunt, complete self-sufficiency of his people with no interference from the white man. At his death, the tribe lost its last great leader, a man respected for his strength and courage by both white men and Indians.

But his brutal handling of the medicine men had had a devastating effect. Every shaman in the village remembered and acted with caution. Each knew that a persuasive tongue could turn the people against a healer, that death was the penalty. No medicine man in the tribe, therefore, was willing to treat Jasper. The people, in a state of indecision, would have turned from healing by incanta-